

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

No. 6,024.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1923

One Penny.

## DANCER CITED



Mrs. Elizabeth Fae Furness, an American, leaving the Law Courts yesterday when she petitioned for a decree of restitution of conjugal rights. Her husband, Mr. Tom Furness, said to be engaged in shipping, cross-petitioned for divorce alleging misconduct with Mr. Maurice Mouvet (inset), a famous dancer, which was denied.

## OPERATION



Prince George, on whom an operation was performed at Buckingham Palace yesterday, the little toe on each foot being removed. He had recently suffered from "hammer-toes" which inconvenienced him in his naval duties. In December he had his appendix removed.

## FAMOUS STATESMAN DEAD



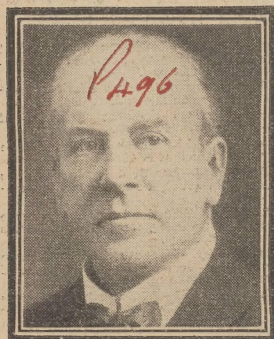
M. Delcassé, a former French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who died in Paris yesterday. He was Foreign Minister during the Fashoda incident, and by his tact in recalling Marchand trouble was averted.

## DRESS BILLS



Mrs. Nash, who has been married three times.

## FAMOUS K.C. DEAD



Sir Charles F. Gill, the well-known K.C., who died yesterday at his house at Birchington, Kent, after an illness which had lasted several weeks. He was knighted in 1921.



Captain J. V. Nash, with whom the Judge discussed dresses at Ciro's.



Justice McCardie asked whether women dress to please men or to please women.

Several amusing passages occurred in the hearing, continued yesterday, of the claim against Captain J. V. Nash for £637 for dresses supplied to his wife. During a little discussion with the judge as to why women dress well Mr. Harris, Captain Nash's counsel, said it was to annoy other women. Later Mr. Harris gave the opinion that certain types of women were uncontrollable. "I am sorry," the Judge remarked, "that you have no wider message of hope for husbands." Judgment was reserved.



# AMAZING BROADCASTING BOOM: "DAILY MIRROR'S" PRIZE SCHEME

## What Is Ideal Broadcasting Programme?

### A NEW INDUSTRY.

#### Sets on Instalment Plan—Fillip to British Trade.

An amazing boom in wireless telephony has followed the establishment of broadcasting stations in London, Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham and other large centres. The wireless habit is catching on, and it has come to stay.

Practically a new industry has been created by the demand for receiving sets and accessories, and as the bulk of the goods are of British manufacture, an excellent effect on home trade may be anticipated.

To stimulate interest among "listeners-in" *The Daily Mirror* offers three prizes of £25, £10 and £5 for the ideal broadcasting programme, which must be varied, interesting and inexpensive.

Other competitions will be announced from time to time, and *The Daily Mirror* should be watched for its wireless news and competitions. Look out for the Broadcasting programmes in "The Daily Mirror" each day.

Professor Low, the eminent expert, has undertaken to write a series of articles for "The Daily Mirror," which will be of great interest to all listeners-in.

### 'DAILY MIRROR' PRIZES.

#### £40 for Readers Who Draw Up Best Broadcasting Programmes.

What is the ideal broadcasting programme? In view of the enormous interest now being taken by the public in popular radio, *The Daily Mirror* has decided to seek the views of its readers on this important question, and to offer prizes for the best programme submitted.

Every reader, whether possessed of a receiving set or not, is invited to write to the Editor giving details of the programme that would most appeal to them.

Regard must be had, of course, to practicability and cost. An all-star programme would be prohibitive in cost for other than special occasions. What should be aimed at is a programme that is varied, interesting and entertaining, yet not too expensive to be practicable. By the exercise of a little imagination many ingenious and novel programmes can be devised.

Three prizes are offered for what, in the opinion of the Editor, are the best programmes received. The prizes are:—

First Prize .....	£25
Second Prize .....	10
Third Prize .....	5

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in every way.

Programmes should be sent in at once, addressed to the Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Boulevard, E.C.4. The left-hand top corner of the envelope should be written "Broadcasting."

It may be added that the programmes should be of a character that will appeal to adults.

Details of other prizes for children, to be offered by Uncle Dick, will appear in tomorrow's *Pip and Squeak Supplement*.

Watch *The Daily Mirror* every day for progress in the wireless world, and for other prizes which will be offered from time to time.

#### "2 L.O." CALLING.

London Broadcasting programme to-night is: 5.0.—Children's stories.

- 7.0.—News.
- 7.15.—Miss Nellie Norway (handbell solo).
- 7.25.—Miss Winifred Fisher (mezzo soprano).
- 7.40.—Mr. John Snowden (cello solo).
- 8.10.—Mr. Ernest Wellbeloved (entertainer).
- 8.25.—Miss Winifred Fisher.
- 8.35.—Miss Nellie Norway.
- 8.45.—Mr. John Snowden. 9.0.—Mr. Dan Jones (tenor).
- 9.15.—Miss Nellie Norway. 9.30.—News.
- 9.50.—Mr. Ernest Wellbeloved.
- 10.0.—Miss Winifred Fisher.
- 10.10.—Mr. John Snowden.

**BIRMINGHAM PROGRAMME TO-NIGHT.**  
6.30-7.0.—Children's stories, gramophone records.  
7.0-7.45.—Concert (Miss Edna Quinton's quartette and Midland Jazz Band Combe No. 1 Orchestra).  
7.45.—News bulletin.  
7.50-8.30 and 9.0-9.45.—Concert.  
9.45.—Second news bulletin and final announcements.

(Continued on page 15.)

### DEATH OF M. DELCASSE.

M. T. Delcassé, French ex-Foreign Minister, died yesterday at Nice, aged seventy-one.

M. Delcassé became French Foreign Minister in 1898, and steered France through the crisis of the Fashoda affair. He is said to have foreseen the Great War nearly twenty years ago.

He became the most hated man in Germany, and in the 1905 Moroccan affair the Kaiser threatened the then French Premier with war unless M. Delcassé resigned. The latter resigned, but in 1914 he returned to office.

## PRINCE GEORGE.

### Undergoes Slight Operation at Buckingham Palace.

#### HAMMER TOES TROUBLE.

Prince George underwent an operation yesterday morning at Buckingham Palace, the small toe of each foot being removed.

The Prince suffered from hammer toes, and latterly these had been an inconvenience to him in the course of his naval duties, and also social pleasures, such as dancing.

At Christmas Prince George successfully underwent an operation for appendicitis, and was obliged to spend his twelfth birthday in bed at King Edward VII. Hospital for Officers.

## DIVORCE SUIT RE-TRIAL.

### Dr. Shufflebotham Wins His Appeal Against Verdict for Wife.

On the appeal of Dr. Frank Shufflebotham, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Court of Appeal yesterday ordered a new trial of the divorce suit in which the doctor's wife had obtained a decree nisi on the ground of her husband's alleged cruelty and misconduct.

The wife's petition alleged that Dr. Shufflebotham had in May, 1921, committed adultery with a woman named Amy Tempest, a servant in his employment, and who afterwards became his secretary, and that he was the father of her child.

In giving judgment, the master of the Rolls (Lord Stenrdale) said it was a very difficult case, and it would be far more satisfactory if the case were sent for a new trial.



Lord Stenrdale.

## UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

### Inquest Story of Sailor's Threat to Portsea Flower-Seller.

Wilful murder against a person or persons unknown was the verdict returned at the Portsmouth inquest yesterday on Mary Pelham, the flower-seller whose body was found in her room in Blossom-alley, Portsea, on January 27.

A woman witness said she identified a mouth organ found in the room as one given by another woman to a fair-haired sailor three days before the crime.

Two days before the murder, she added, she heard this sailor threaten to "do Pelham in."

## NEW £1 NOTES.

### Treasury Issue on Monday of New Paper and Water Marks.

Printed on a new paper and bearing new water marks, £1 currency notes will be issued on Monday, state the Treasury.

Made of white bank note paper, notes will bear the following water-marks:—

At the top in the centre a tablet containing the words, "One Pound"; at the bottom a circular tablet containing a representation of the royal cipher; in the four corners the rose, thistle, shamrock and daffodil, and filling the spaces between the water-marks a Vandryck lines, i.e., lines running diagonally in different directions.

The water-marks will be more pronounced, and will be as nearly as possible in the same position on each note.

## FAMOUS K.C. DEAD.

### Sir Charles Gill's Curious Court Habit of Money Juggling.

Sir Charles F. Gill, the well-known K.C., died yesterday at his house at Birchington, Kent, after several weeks' illness.

Sir Charles, who received his knighthood in 1921, was engaged in many notable cases, but for a barrister of his high reputation, he was curiously lacking in eloquence.

It was his habit to juggle his money in his pocket when cross-examining, which he did with impressive slowness and deliberation.

Sir Charles, who was in his seventieth year, was an inveterate player and was seldom missing from important "first nights."

## BOTTOMLEY SENTENCE TO STAND.

The Home Secretary (Mr. Bridgeman) replying in the Commons last night to Mr. A. T. Torrell, said that no sufficient reasons for a reduction of the seven years' sentence now being served by Horatio Bottomley had been brought to his knowledge.

## EXTEND THE TUBE.

### 'Daily Mirror' Lead in North London Outcry.

#### "CABINET MUST ACT."

Scores of letters have been received from residents in Tottenham, Wood Green, Edmonton, and all parts of tubeless North London, expressing gratitude to *The Daily Mirror* for its powerful help in disturbing the tranquillity of the Cabinet in regard to their traffic problem.

The demand for the extension of the tube systems beyond Finsbury Park involves important considerations apart from the crying scandal of the present daily fights for the tramcars. There is the question of supplying work for the unemployed. In Tottenham, Edmonton, Wood Green and Enfield alone there are 10,500 unemployed on the registers.

These facts have already been placed before the Minister of Transport and the Minister of Labour, but they seem to remain unimpressed," said Mr. Reginald Graves, clerk to the Tottenham District Council.

All districts in this Never-Never Land suffer from lack of travelling facilities. Tottenham, by reason of its large industrial population—160,000—is one of the worst sufferers.

Two large housing estates have recently been created—one by the London County Council and the other by the local authorities.

Working people, however, cannot afford to waste from three to four hours every day getting to and from their work. The Cabinet must act, and act quickly.

Mr. Robert Clarke, J.P., chairman of the Tottenham District Council, supported by local M.P.s and representatives of other local councils, will present to the Minister of Transport and the Minister of Labour the mammoth petition which tubeless London is signing in overwhelming numbers.

## "THAT IS MY DADDY!"

### Tragic Surprise for Child Who Sees Man Dead in Street.

A pathetic scene was witnessed near Reading Kategrove Schools, when a man fell on the pavement, injured his head and died immediately.

Just as the people who had gathered round were surmising the identity of the man, one of a party of schoolgirls who had joined the crowd exclaimed, as she pointed to the dead man: "That is my daddy!" and then burst into tears.

## CANED BY HIS WIFE.

### Fourth Husband's Lament When Summoned for Maintenance.

That his wife beat him with a cane, and that he could not live with her, was the lament of David Burton, a labourer, to the Talbot magistrates yesterday.

Now 40 years of age, had he found any comfort in lodgings. It was his third matrimonial venture, and he was his wife's fourth husband.

"Experience does not make perfection," commented the chairman, who granted a maintenance order against the man.

## MORE SLIDING STAIRS.

### Fewer Passengers Carried on Tubes, but More on Omnibuses.

Trade depression accounted for the falling off in the number of passengers carried by the railways from 339,000,000 last year to 325,000,000 this year, said Lord Ashfield yesterday at the annual meeting of the Underground Group. Against this must be set the increase of 85,000,000 in the omnibus passengers.

Plans had been made for providing escalators at Liverpool-street, Bank, Tottenham Court-road, Oxford-circuit, Bond-street and Shepherd's Bush Stations on the Central London Railway. Trains would be running from Moorgate to Henden by October, and the Hendon-Edgware portion would be ready in December.



Lord Ashfield.

## RETURN OF MISS MURIEL TERRY.

An enthusiastic welcome was given at the Kingsway Theatre last night to Miss Muriel Terry on her return to her original part as Mrs. Trapes in Gay's opera, "Polly."

For the past three weeks Miss Terry has been in hospital, where she underwent a serious operation, but she is now completely recovered, and in her performance last night she displayed all her old vivacity and charm to a crowded and delighted audience.

## DRESS EPIGRAMS BY A JUDGE.

### 'Husbands Worse Off Now Than 100 Years Ago.'

#### WOMEN'S REASONS.

### Captain's Story of Wife's Former Marriages.

"What you mean is that women dress to please men and to annoy other women," was one of the epigrams with which Mr. Justice MacCardie enlivened yesterday's hearing of the £657 claim against Captain J. V. Nash for dresses supplied to his wife.

Another remark by the Judge—who is a bachelor—was: "Does not a man always like to see his wife well dressed if she can be so without extravagance?"

He reserved judgment, observing that the issue was one of social importance.

Mrs. Nash is stated to have wished to be the best-dressed woman in London.

## HOTEL FASHIONS.

### Responsibilities from Which a Husband Has No Escape.

Callot Scours, costumiers, of Paris and Buckingham-gate, W., are the plaintiffs in the action. Captain Nash pleads "all the defences known to a married man. These are that—

His wife had no authority to pledge his credit; she had a private income, and agreed to pay for her dresses; she was supplied with all necessities, and the dresses were not necessities.

Captain Nash has stated he paid £18,000 on his wife's behalf and had nearly ruined himself. Recalled yesterday, Captain Nash said that his wife was a Miss Donaldson, and when eighteen she married a Mr. Kirwan, a wealthy invalid. That marriage was annulled, and Mr. Kirwan died shortly after. Then she married a Mr. Sifton and divorced him.

Captain Nash was questioned by Mr. Givern (for plaintiffs) regarding payments to Ciro's.

Mr. Justice MacCardie: You do not think they are fashionably dressed at Ciro's?—Some are, but it does not follow that they will be extraordinarily well-dressed.

Mr. Givern: You went to the Ritz very often. That is not a place where very dowdy people go.

The Judge: I think they have been seen there.

#### THIS FREEDOM!

Mr. Givern was asked by the Judge: "How would you check a wife's desire to be the best-dressed woman in London?"

"He could not check the desire," said counsel, "but he might check the outward and visible signs of it by putting a notice in the newspapers."

Later the Judge remarked: "A husband is in a position as difficult and delicate to-day as 100 years ago, perhaps more so, because woman is asserting greater freedom. She has more legal rights, and he is left with his old responsibilities unrelieved by any legislation."

Mr. Harris, for Captain Nash, said £400 a year should be enough for a husband in the defendant's station of life to devote to the decoration of his wife's person."

He agreed that in this case £400 was the husband's entire income, and added: "I suppose he can do nothing to file his petition in bankruptcy and retire from the scene."

Mr. Justice MacCardie: He can retire from the actual practice of matrimony, but he cannot retire from his responsibilities as a husband. The law holds him to them. All he can do is to remain with his wife is to remonstrate with her and take the consequences.

## OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

**To-day's Weather.**—London and South-East England: Mainly fair; moderate temperature. Lighting-on time, 6.26 p.m.

**Mr. Lloyd George** will open a missionary exhibition at Bangor on March 3.

**Princess's Marriage.**—Princess Yolanda, of Italy, will be married in April.

**Summer time** will be again adopted in France this year, the Council of Ministers has decided.

**Debt Bill Passed.**—The Debt Funding Bill has been passed in Washington House of Representatives.

**Sir Christopher Wren-street** may be the name of a new street crossing the site of London's old General Post Office.

**Big Mayfair Fire.**—Fire caused £20,000 damage yesterday at the Grosvenor-street, W., home of Lady Tredegar, who is at Cannes.

**Bride's Dress of 1783.**—A bride's dress 140 years old was worn by a miner's wife who acted the part of a bride in a concert in the pit village of Thornely, Durham.

**Car's Double Somersault.**—Mrs. Roe, of High-street, Rushden, has died from injuries received while motoring, when a tyre burst and the car turned two somersaults.

**Westminster City School Success.**—Four boys won four scholarships offered for competition by the Surveyors' Institute belong to the Westminster City School.

## "THE MYSTERY HUSBAND": GREAT NEW SERIAL BEGINS ON MONDAY









## 'ORIGINAL' MARMALADE

International 'Original' Marmalade is made exactly as was Orange Marmalade when first introduced. Finest Seville Oranges and Pure Refined Sugar only are used and impart that delicious and distinctive flavour for which International 'Original' Marmalade has become renowned.

Packed in White China Pots. 1's **11d** 2's **1/8**

Also stocked at all International branches

Crystal Jelly Marmalade 1's **10½d** 2's **1/8**  
Choice Orange Marmalade 1's **8½d** 2's **1/4**

## INTERNATIONAL STORES

The Greatest Grocers in the World  
Tea : Coffee : Groceries : Provisions

All International branches are on the 'phone.

INTERNATIONAL CHINA TEA 2/8

**To Keep Fit**  
**TAKE Iron Jelloids**  
For Adults, No. 2. Tonic for Men; No. 2A.

**Make a Sauce with Cornflour**  
to serve with fish or vegetables and watch how your family will relish your cooking. Use it to thicken and cream soups and note the delicate consistency and agreeable flavour.

Many a cook's reputation has been built up on

**Brown & Polson's Corn Flour**

It is as necessary for sauces as salt in savouries and sugar in sweets, and much preferred to ordinary flour for all thickening purposes.

1 lb. 9d., ½ lb. 4½d., ¼ lb. 2½d.

Recipe Book "A," from Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Bouvett Street, London, E.C.4. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage.



## Shop at LYONS' TEASHOPS

### Maison Lyons CHOCOLATES

Probably the best chocolates you ever tried were Maison Lyons Chocolates; if they were not, there is a pleasure in store for you. You will find them a little better than you have thought good chocolates could be.

per **4/-** lb.  
SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES AND CINEMAS.

### Maison Lyons DUNDEE CAKE

A delightfully flavoured cake for all occasions. Crowded with carefully cleaned fruit and generously sprinkled on top with almonds ... **4/3**

Maison Lyons TOFFEE New **6D** ½ lb.

Sold in the Salons at the  
**MAISON LYONS, CORNER HOUSES,**  
and in  
**LYONS' TEASHOPS**

Post Orders should be addressed to  
Maison Lyons (Post Order Dept.  
No. 7), 370, Oxford St., London, W.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

### ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL

BABY Carriages, greatly reduced prices; cat. free.—8.  
Boltin 405, Kingstanding, E. 8.  
FURNITURE—Must be sold, beautifully upholstered Chesterfield suite. Leds. veneered with large bevelled mirror, pretty carpet and rug to match, heavy curb and brasses, centre parour table, handsome bed-room suite, with large size wardrobe with bevelled mirror dressing chest, marble-top washstand with cupboards under, massive full-size bedstead to match, with all new bedding, complete roll of lino, rug, extending dining table, kitchen furniture, etc., accept 48 gns. the lot; great sacrifice; practically new; would separate; deposit the secure—Stured Webb's Depositories, 478, High-road, Tottenham. Could remain in store (to be used) secured.  
LEATHER—Boot repairers buy direct from tannery; No. 1 Selected Benda, any weight, 1s. 11d. lb.; send for cutting—A. E. Galt, Tanyard, Northampton.  
TEA Sets 5s. 6d., Dinner Sets 18s. 6d., Toilet Sets 12s. 6d., Plates, Cups, Saucers, at lowest prices; catalogue free—Liverpool Pottery Co., Burslem.  
TYPEWRITER, latest Oliver, £8; excellent condition, fully guaranteed; sent on appro.—Typewriter Bureau (East, 16 years), Colmore-row, Birmingham.  
PAWNBROKERS' Bargains—Special list of Unredeemed Pledges now Ready; full list of 2,000 sensational bargains; new and secondhand; sent post free; don't delay, write at once, it will save you pounds; all English hall 7 days' approval before payment.—Davis and Co. (Dept. 12), 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, London.  
119/6—Lady's handsome Fur Coat, 35gn. model, 45in. finest quality silks; never worn; £2 12s. 6d. sacrifice.  
22/6—Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; 10 years warranty; timed to a minute a month; also Double Carb Albert, same quality, seal attached, perfectly new, week's free trial; complete, £2 6d., sup.-oval before payment.—Davis and Co.  
79/6—Hansome 212 12s. Real Skunk Wrap Siole, 65in. long and 12in. wide, guaranteed genuine skunk; perfectly new, sacrifice, 79s. 6d.; approval before payment.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, London.  
29/6—Baby's Leds. Clothes, superior £5 5s. Layette, 60 articles; everything required; wonderfully beautiful; newest designs; exquisite embroidery; American Robes, etc.; the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; approval willingly.—Davis.  
32 14/6—Lady's £10 12s. Solid Gold English hall marked Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet, perfectly finished with all the most modern improvements; timed to a minute a month; 15 years' warranty; week's free trial; 54s. 6d., approval before payment.—Davis.  
34/6—Heavy, perfectly new; 34s. 6d. lot; approval willingly.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, London.  
18/6—Gent's Double Carb Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) silver, solid; 18s. 6d.; approval willingly.—Davis.  
32/6—(Worth £4 4s.)—Lady's, exceedingly elegant Trousseau; 16 Nightdresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, Underwear, etc., etc., 25s. 6d.—Davis.  
16/9—Jary Bira Gabardine, full 65s. six-yard length, double width, superior fabric; suitable for Lady's costume or dress length; 18s. 9d.; approval before payment.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, London.  
33 19/6—Good maker; 12 bore, right modified and left hand checker; rebounding locker; in perfect condition; new condition; week's free trial; £3 18s. 6d.—Davis.  
12/9—Lady's magnificent £3 5s. Solid Gold English hall marked Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet, 12s. 9d.; approval.—Davis.  
19/6—Lady's most magnificent 18-ct. Gold-cased Expanding Watch Bracelet; very choice design, will fit and grip any wrist; timed to a minute a month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 18s. 6d.—Davis.  
£6 19/6—Seal Coney Coat, with large skunk opossum collar, latest Parisian style, 45gn. model, finest quality selected silks, beautifully finished in perfectly new condition; sacrifice, £6 19s. 6d.; approval.—Davis.  
£12 12/6—Tremely fine solo instrument, sweet, mellow tone, with special bow; fitted in shapely case; worth £12 12/6.—Davis.  
7 7/6—Horsless Gramophone de Luxe, £12 12s. 6d. Model, magnificent; Draytonwood Cabinet, opera frame, powerful sound box, with six 10in. disc tunes; week's free trial; great bargain; sacrifice, 67s. 6d.—Davis and Co. (Dept. 12), Pawnbrokers, 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, London, S.E. 2.

**Sprinkle**  
**"FORCE"**  
TOASTED MALTED WHEAT FLAKES

on your  
**bacon**

## For PLUMAGE, Health & SONG

Any seed mixture is *not* good enough for your bird. He needs a mixture prepared by experts, of many kinds of seeds, selected, blended, freed from dust, and put into hygienic packets.

You will always be sure of getting such seeds if you ask definitely for *Spratt's*.

**SPRATT'S**  
PACKET  
**BIRD SEEDS**  
20,000 DEALERS  
SELL "SPRATT'S"



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1923.

## MUDDLE—BUT NO HOUSES

ONLY an efficient broadcasting system, at which all our readers should be assiduous listeners-in, could adequately convey to anxious tenants and landlords the almost hourly modifications in the Government's collapsible housing policy.

We will try to give the latest developments.

Last night the House of Commons addressed itself to the "rent strike" problem, touching here and there, necessarily, upon the larger issue of housing; and the Government met an irritated and united opposition of all "groups."

But the Government are evidently much more concerned about the irritation and opposition daily developing at middle-class Mitcham, where the Minister of Health is wooing the electors who badly want to know "where they stand" as regards houses—or, rather, in what houses and at what rents they are going to be allowed to live.

Yesterday we endeavoured—under difficulties—to indicate the manner in which Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen has trimmed his sails to the keen February breezes blowing from Mitcham villas.

He was going to decontrol some houses next year.

"What houses?" roared Mitcham. "Not yours," in effect Sir Arthur seemed to say, "no injustice to the middle classes. Rent restriction must last for a transitional period."

"What period?" clamours Mitcham.

"Till next June," answers Sir Arthur—once more blurring out the nasty truth.

"Bosh!" shouts Mitcham rudely at the platform.

"Well, then," grumbles Sir Arthur, "of course, it all depends on getting houses. Nothing unjust will be done!"

Thus does a by-election determine or deflect policy—or promises. Very awkward!

But, in the last or latest statement, we have at least an indication of the true way—houses first, then decontrol.

Decontrol will not necessarily produce houses, but only hardship. And Mitcham wants to know—so do we all—what the Government are doing to "get" houses.

At present they are only confessing their faith that "sufficient numbers of the higher type will arise" as by magic, if only Mitcham keeps quiet and elects Sir Arthur.

We fear that this will not satisfy Mitcham.

## THE WORLD MADE ONE.

OUR news columns are now publishing the wireless programmes announced from all the broadcasting stations every day.

Here is a significant symptom of the immense development of a new recreation, which may also become a universal source of information and of instruction for millions of people in every land.

No one can foresee all the possibilities of wireless development. An article on this page to-day attempts to predict a few of them.

The older civilisations were many, because they were necessarily isolated, and isolation involves a diversity of custom and outlook.

Few now living can remember or realise the conditions which once confined village or town life to an enclosed self-sufficiency. Every year, every day barriers between one country and another, between one town and the others, between town and country, are breaking down.

The now proved success of the broadcasting system is the culmination of a vast movement which unifies the world.

Let us hope that this physical bond will in time establish the spiritual union that will make war seem part of an obsolete phase in the history of mankind. W. M.

## "BROADCASTING" IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

### INEVITABLE DEVELOPMENTS OF THE WIRELESS BOOM.

By LIONEL VALDAR.

WIRELESS broadcasting has made such rapid advances in popularity since it was sanctioned by the Postmaster-General that there has hardly been time for the public to gain a clear idea of the silent revolution which this new method of communication involves in our social habits.

Already some 80,000 receiving sets are in use, which means, at a modest estimate, that at least 200,000 people are "listening-in" each night to the varied programmes transmitted.

Every month that number will increase by thousands, until there is hardly a village or

courts, and every other place where news of public interest is "created"?

The plain truth is that these developments must come. The "listener-in" of the future will hear the King's Speech from the Throne and the Prime Minister's reply for the Government on some important debate. He will be able to follow every word of counsel's ruthless cross-examination in a big criminal trial, and even the solemn words of the judge as the black cap is placed upon his head.

#### OVERHEARING EVERYTHING!

Wherever the newspaper reporter can go, the wireless microphone can be installed. The same right which the public possesses to learn through its Press of the proceedings of the legislature and the administration of justice is valid in the case of wireless.

Will the public be less interested in their newspapers as a result? Experience proves

### "WANTED—A BLUE-EYED BOY OF FOUR."



A guess at what is likely to happen in reply to a recent demand for a baby boy who is promised unlimited wealth.

hamlet in the United Kingdom, however isolated, without its receiving set, while the chimneys of the towns will be hidden in forests of aerials.

It is generally agreed that, up to the present, broadcasting has justified itself. Excellent programmes of music have been transmitted to the fireside, and even the magic voice of Melba has been brought into the home with complete success.

On occasions, late news for which the country was eagerly waiting, has been broadcasted almost simultaneously with the event. Boxing contests have been described from the ring-side to interested "listeners-in" hundreds of miles away.

All this is rightly regarded as a wonderful achievement of modern science. It is a welcome addition to the conveniences of our daily lives. Yet, if that were all, it would not mean more than that a superior kind of gramophone had been called into existence. One could hardly put it higher than that.

The real significance of broadcasting is its inevitable development. No one can place a limit to it.

If, by the installation of a small microphone in a theatre, an opera can be broadcasted throughout the country, what is to prevent the installation of microphones in the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Justice, inquest

the contrary. Those who "listen-in" on a murder trial or a debate will be the keenest to read about it in their newspapers.

Political parties are already exploring the possibilities of wireless broadcasting. It may be that at the next General Election the Prime Minister, seated before a tiny microphone in his room at 10, Downing-street, will address the entire nation on the Government's policy. And as the last words of his peroration fade away, the chairman of the Labour Party will submit his alternative programme.

These are simply examples of what must come in broadcasting. The possibilities are limitless. One of those possibilities may prove of greater national importance than those already mentioned. It concerns education. Why should there not be, one day in the future, an educational programme broadcasted to which the ripest scholars and ablest professors shall contribute? In that day the humble student in the remote village, seated at his receiving set, not back in hand, will have at his command opportunities for gaining culture hardly inferior to those provided at the universities.

\* \* Our correspondence column, held over for to-day's issue, will be resumed tomorrow.

## MODERN MYSTICS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

### SHOULD WE RETURN TO THE MONASTIC LIFE?

By FRANCIS GRIEBLE.

STRANGE tales are being told of a community of cultivated men and women—some of them quite well known—who have quitted the noisy world to live a quiet life of spiritual and mystical aspiration on the outskirts of the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

They labour with their hands, they dance to slow and solemn music, they devote long hours to silent meditation; and it is their hope "us to pass behind the veil which separates troubled appearances from calm realities and bring to fruition some mysterious latent faculties of the human consciousness."

An interesting experiment, truly; and yet not quite so novel an experiment as some of those who have been writing about it appear to think!

Again and again, in the history alike of the world and of the individual, we see agitation followed by reaction; and at such hours the desire springs up in many hearts for what one of our critics—himself, in his later period, a professed mystic—has called an "escape from life."

Monasticism expressed that desire in an age which was at once more devout and more barbarous than ours; but the conceptions of that age did not admit of men and women pursuing a spiritual pilgrimage together.

The belief that they might do so, in other associations besides that of marriage, did not begin to be accepted before the eighteenth century.

The beginning of that century, however, saw the foundation of quite a number of communities anticipating the one which has been formed at Fontainebleau.

#### EXAMPLES FROM THE PAST.

These were the famous "phalanstery" of the Saint Simonians; Brook Farm, so charmingly described (albeit with some touches of irony obliging to the enthusiasts), by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in "The Blithedale Romance"; the "Brotherhood of the New Life" of the Prophet Harris, chiefly remembered because Laurence Oliphant, diplomat, traveller, war correspondent and man of the world, suddenly disappeared from London Society to join it.

It cannot be said that any of these pioneers really solved the problem, which life had set them.

The communities dissolved; and the most eminent men connected with them drifted back into the practical paths of active life.

Laurence Oliphant, though he continued to dream his dreams, went off to dream them in solitude in Palestine. Nathaniel Hawthorne, becoming first a surveyor of Customs, and then a Consul, wrote that "the real me was never a member" of the community with which he had lived. The Saint Simonian Pere Enfantin became a director of the P.L.M. railway company.

Time alone can show whether the Fontainebleau community will be similarly disrupted, and will similarly return its mystics to the world of commerce and affairs.

Whatever its fate, however, it will long be remembered as an interesting—some will say an inevitable—protest against the hard and strenuous materialism of these distressing times.

## SORE HANDS & ARMS.

**CHILBLAINS.**  
Chapped Skins.  
Cold Sores and Frost-Bite should be promptly treated with Zam-Buk. Simply cleanse and dry thoroughly the sore places, and then cover lightly with Zam-Buk. It will quickly allay the irritation and pain, prevent festering and blood-poisoning, and at once start the healing process. Always keep Zam-Buk in the house.

# Zam-Buk







# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

□□□

□□□



The Countess of Carlisle, who has just had a son and heir.



Mrs. Albert Rotherston, wife of the well-known painter.



Miss Joyce Carey, who will play a leading part in "Partners Again" at the Garrick.



Mr. Roy Eyford, who will play the part of Twini in Caradoc Evans' play "Taffy."

## CITY OF AERIALS!

The Prince and "Rats!"—Interesting Portraits—Theatrical "Sub-Titles."

LONDON IS FAST BECOMING a "City of Aerials." I hear that tangible evidence of the wireless boom is also visible in all the provincial towns, and even in the remotest hamlets. The craze for "wireless" is now universal, and as Sir Oliver Lodge told me, the whole thing is in its infancy and one cannot tell to what it may lead. The main attraction is the economical cost of installation, and the excellent entertainment provided free of charge by the broadcasting companies.

### All for Nothing.

A friend of mine has fixed up a receiving set at a cost of fifty shillings, exclusive of a broomsstick borrowed from household stock. This apparatus gives excellent results, and think what you can hear! Last night, for instance, there was a "continuous performance" from five till after ten. The items ranged from songs and dance music to a speech by our only Communist M.P. Our own Uncle Dick is a broadcaster. This week he was heard clearly in Devonshire and in the Derbyshire villages.

### Prospecting by Wireless.

I am told that "wireless" is likely to be extremely useful in prospecting, a little known branch of radio science which may be important in years to come. There is a possibility of locating mineral deposits by wireless radiations, or, in simpler language, passing currents into the earth and noting the effect on instruments devised for the purpose.

### Controlling Aircraft.

It is thought also that before long navigation at sea in bad weather will be made safe by the "radio" system. There is also the probability of controlling aircraft by electric radiation, whilst the possibilities in "wireless" of defence against air attack are enormous.

### Is "Tut" There?

I find among people who understand Egyptology a disposition to doubt whether the body of Tut-ankh Amen really lies in the shrine now discovered. They say it is most unusual for a Pharaoh of the great eighteenth dynasty to have only two small rooms in his burial-place, and they think the treasures may be heaped there and the body hidden elsewhere from fear of his priestly enemies. The inscriptions, however, seem convincing enough.

### Painter and Etcher.

Mr. Alfred Bentley, R.E., A.R.C.A., who has just died of pneumonia at Edith-grove, Chelsea, served in France in the Artists' Rifles and in the Norfolk Regiment, and obtained his M.C. He has had pictures in many galleries, both abroad and at home. He took a great delight in the sister art of music.

### The Prince as First-Nighter.

The Prince of Wales saw the first performance of "Rats!" at the Vaudeville Theatre. I have not seen him at a First Night before. "Galleryites," ever watchful on these occasions for celebrities, actually missed him until the interval. Suddenly there was a hoarse cry of "There he is," and a burst of applause. He sat in the front row of the stalls with Lord Westmorland.



Earl of Westmorland.

### Changing Over.

Sub-titles seem to be leaving the cinema and entering the theatre. A few hours after I had seen the self-explanatory film, "Lily of the Alley," I went to the new revue "Rats!" only to find it sprinkled with sub-titles. Explanations of the various scenes, printed in bold, black lettering, were lowered at intervals from the top of the proscenium.

### The Marriage Problem.

The happy solution of every marriage problem! That is a bold claim to make for any novel, and yet readers of *The Daily Mirror*, who are to have the opportunity of reading a remarkable new domestic romance, by A. J. Russell, will undoubtedly agree that the gifted author, besides writing a fascinating and heart-stirring story, has found the panacea for most marital misunderstandings and discords.

### William Whiteley's Granddaughter.

Behind the announcement of the marriage of Miss Nora Whiteley to Mr. George Moser few will recognise an interesting connection with the celebrated business of Whiteley's, of Westbourne-grove. But the young lady in question is a granddaughter of the "Universal Provider," as he was termed, who founded the emporium in which he eventually met his dramatic death. The late William Whiteley left two sons, William and Frank, who are both in the business. It is the latter's only daughter whose marriage took place last July, but has only now been made public.

### Wells and Respectability.

A Moscow Soviet weekly writes of H. G. Wells: "The chief feature of Wells as a writer and thinker is respectability. He is respectable beyond words; he drives one crazy with respectability, that most boring of all things in this most boring of all worlds."

### Four Prime Ministers!

Four Prime Ministers all in a row and all contributing speeches is not an every-day occurrence! But for the unveiling of the portrait of the ex-Speaker, Lord Ullswater, Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith had all assembled in the state dining-room at Speaker's House. Lord Ullswater fell into the old habit and referred to Lord Balfour as Mr. Balfour—so deep-rooted is he in the Commons mind.



Lady Ullswater.

### Chief Critic!

There was much laughter when Lord Ullswater, in returning thanks, referred to the fact that he thought he owed much of his success in the Speaker's chair to the approbation and criticism of his wife! I noticed Lord Balfour greeted Mr. Lloyd George very heartily with a pleasant: "Hullo, L.G., I'm glad to see you."

### Tim Healy's Portrait.

People who go to the Suffolk Galleries to-day for the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition will not pass the interesting picture which Sir John Lavery has done of the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State, namely, our old friend Tim Healy. It is a good portrait, but a little strange to those who knew the Tiger in his fiercest days. The square black beard is now benignly grey and the corners have been trimmed away to a rounded mildness!

### Labour and the Ruhr.

The four Labour members who have been to the Ruhr have certainly not favoured Germany in their report, but I mistrust their proposal to "internationalise" the Ruhr coalfield. They destroy the force of their main arguments by admitting that they only want to take this step as a temporary measure. When they had once "internationalised" the Ruhr they would next want to "nationalise" our own coal mines!

### Famous Etonian's Holiday.

Sir Herbert and Lady Barker are leaving England for Madeira to-day for four or five weeks. Sir Herbert has been working at high pressure lately and needs a rest.

### Help for the Film Producer.

The *Sunday Pictorial* £7,000 film contest has created a considerable stir amongst picture-goers and film producers alike. Competitors, of course, are mainly interested in the large money prizes, while those who provide films are keenly awaiting the result in order to have a reliable indication of the people's taste in pictures. The producers' handicap all along has been that he has had hardly any chance of finding out what kind of film the public wants.

### Royal Matinee.

The Royal matinee in aid of King George's Pension Fund takes place at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday. I am asked to recommend this most worthy cause. The original £7,000 with which the Fund was started was the profit of a gala performance during the King's coronation festivities. That remarkable entertainment was organised by Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

### The Bouchier Family.

Talking of Mr. Arthur Bouchier, I find that Mr. Bouchier, the newspaper correspondent, after whom a street is to be named in Sofia, is not, as has been stated, a brother, of the actor, but a cousin, one of the Irish branch. "We both arrived at Eton together," said A. B. yesterday, "he as a master, I as a boy. By a coincidence I was placed in his form and you can imagine how ribald the other boys were when he put me on to construe."

### "Home, Sweet Home" Centenary.

There is some talk of getting up a celebration of the centenary of "Home, Sweet Home," first given to the world in an opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan" in 1823. Of the song, when it was published separately, one hundred thousand copies were sold in the first year at a profit of two thousand guineas.

### Bachelor Author!

The author of the song, John Howard Payne, was an American. He never had a home of his own, but died a bachelor, while holding the appointment of United States Consul in Tunis. He was the Consul to whom the Boy of Tunis once exclaimed: "America! America! Where is it? I never heard of any such country."

### Actress-Novelist.

A new novel entitled "Morning Tide" will, I hear, be published shortly by Andrew Melrose. The author, Miss Janet Maitland, is well known as a film-actress, and is the wife of Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

### Earl's Heir.

The Countess of Carlisle has given birth to a son and heir. This is her second child, the first being a little girl born in 1919. The Countess was the Hon. Bridget Ruthven, eldest daughter of Lord Ruthven, when she married the youthful earl in 1918 while he was in the Navy. One of the most beautiful places in England belongs to these young people—old Naworth Castle in Cumberland.

### Lady Rolleston.

Lady Rolleston has sold the lease of her little house in Curzon-street, and now will live at her country home. In fact, she has not been much in London since the death of her husband, Sir John Rolleston, as she much prefers Leicester—for which place he was member of Parliament for so long. Lady Rolleston is a clever amateur artist.

### No Almanach de Gotha.

There is anxiety in the Chancelleries. Ambassadors and others are asking in vain for the new Almanach de Gotha. Its appearance has been delayed, not by the trouble in the Ruhr, but by the difficulty of procuring exact statistical information in these days of shifting boundaries and fluctuating currencies.

### Summer-Time in France.

My correspondent tells me that there is some doubt whether France will revert to summer-time this year. A Bill has to be passed each year, and to-day the farmers' and peasants' representatives are strenuously opposing the change, and it is feared that they may be strong enough to influence the Government.

THE RAMBLER.

## PHEASANT MARGARINE



Sold by all high-class Grocers and Provision Merchants.



## EDMUND MANSELL IN GUILDHALL DOCK



Edmund George Mansell (centre), formerly manager of the City Equitable, in the dock at the Guildhall yesterday. Sir Richard Muir said he would ask for his committal on charges not only of conspiracy, but of misappropriation. Mansell is now charged with conspiring with Bevan to obtain by false pretences £110,000.

## UNSHIPPING HIS JOCKEY



Manby Gate (foreground) unshipping his jockey, L. B. Rees, Newbury Steeplechase. This was won by Arravale in such good form that he has been made favourite for the Grand National.



Colonel Tweedie, who was decorated with the Order of the British Empire.



Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, received the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order.



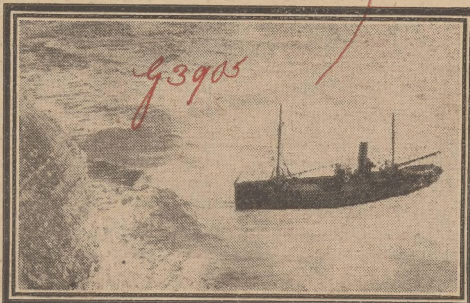
The Hon. William George Brownlow, only son of Lord Lurgan, who came of age yesterday. He is very musical.



Hugh Newton, remanded at Leicester on charge of attempted murder by shooting of Mrs. Florence Bastard.



Coastguards on the cliff with their rescue apparatus.



The steam trawler Boy Daniel on the rocks. ON SEVEN SISTERS RIDGE. — The trawler Boy Daniel has gone ashore on Seven Sisters Ridge, Sussex coast.

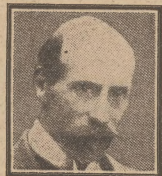


AND ON SUNDAYS TOO?—A baby which caddies for his master on the golf at Miami Beach, Florida. His pads harm the turf.



Captain Somerville, R.N., leaving after receiving insignia of Companion of the Bath.

**THE KING'S INVESTITURE.**—The King yesterday bestowed the insignia of various orders on 120 recipients at the Investiture which he held at Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the Welsh Guards, was present.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



William Henry Burgess, who a coroner's jury decided murdered his wife and two little girls at Westcliff-on-Sea, and committed suicide.



Thomas Hall, a teen, who in a fire dragged his precious brother out, where rescued.



## PONIES 2 FT. HIGH



Two tiny Shetland ponies, each only one year old, and standing 27in. high, with their mistress, Mrs. V. V. Hobart, of Standen House, Newport, Isle of Wight.

## IN THE NEWS



Miss Desire Welby, daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Welby, is one of this season's charming debutantes. Her mother recently gave a dance for her.



Miss Elinor Poer Power, whose marriage to Mr. G. A. N. Swiney, M.C., E.F.A., son of Brig.-Gen. A. J. H. Swiney, will take place in April.



**MAJOR HILLS' CAMPAIGN.**—Major J. W. Hills, Financial Secretary to the Treasury (right), shakes hands with Sir Archibald Salvidge at the opening of his election campaign at Liverpool.

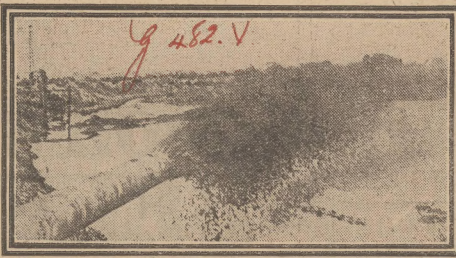
## BABIES GO SLEIGHING



An ingenious Buxton mother, who with bobsleigh runners and a basket has made for her babies a most suitable vehicle for present Buxton weather. Well wrapped up, the babies enjoy a trip in the snow.



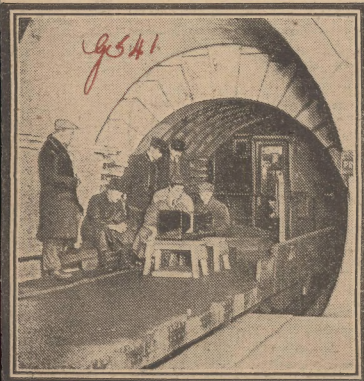
**PIGS EAT CHOCOLATE.**—Two porkers come eagerly for their share of a box of chocolates, part of four tons deteriorated on a voyage and sold for pigs' food.



**TONS PER MINUTE.**—An oil gusher at the Baku oil-fields spouting a flood of petroleum, at the rate of tons to the minute, into an oil lake.



**ENGLAND'S RIVIERA.**—The weather is so gentle at Torquay—in spite of ice and snow elsewhere—that visitors take tea in the open on the sea front.



**TUBE NOISE TRIALS.**—Professor Low on an open truck attached to a tube train using his apparatus which photographically records noises thrown back from the coaches.



**SOCIETY WOMEN IN PLAY.**—Left to right: Mrs. Raymond Unwin, Lady Diana Bridgeman, Miss Molesworth, Lady Thompson, Miss Mary Lumden, Mrs. Lowenthal, Mrs. Curran, Miss Catherine Lumden, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Boger, Miss Weber, in a Cornish mystery play, to be produced in Chelsea.



**ENGLISH TOBACCO.**—Workers on an English tobacco farm. Mr. Arthur Brandon, pioneer of English tobacco growing, is preparing twenty acres at Church Crookham this year.



# all meat dishes

are improved by

## BISTO

the wonderful Gravy maker



of  
CEREBOS  
PURITY

# Cadbury's

ALSO WITH NUTS

## Milk Chocolate

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"

1/3

HALF POUND BLOCK

"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"



**BOURNVILLE** 1/3  
Chocolate HALF LB. BLOCK  
FINEST PLAIN CHOCOLATE OBTAINABLE

name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate



## O-Cedar Mop

Polish

Cheaper than ever—yet better

The New Model O-Cedar Polish Mop has five distinct improvements and is entirely British made. The amount of labour saved if you do it the O-Cedar way is equal to an hour's work in ten minutes.

**ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.**

Your dealer is authorised to guarantee all O-Cedar products. Ask him about them.

Of all Stores,  
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Manufacturers:  
**THE CHANNELL CHEMICAL Co., Ltd.,**  
SLOUGH, BUCKS.

## Children Write To-day for this FREE GIFT



## Cook's Great Surprise!

WHAT child does not love, with eager eyes, to watch Mother on her cooking day—and here is the chance for every "Little Housewife" (under 15) to help on Mother's next cooking day. One of these lovely surprise Gift-Boxes from Cook's (the Proprietors of Cook's Farm Eggs) awaits every child who reads this. You can make it a little Gift to Mother—all from yourself—and she will gladly show you how to prepare the many good things to eat which this lovely Gift-Box contains.

Now look at the Picture—see, there are Five Dainty Packets—a delicious Chocolate-Cream Blanc Mange—one of Strawberry flavour—a so—a sparkling Crystal Jelly—a Carton of the famous Cook's Farm Eggs, and a Carton of the new Cook's Beef Suet. There is also a pretty Gift Card, with a space to sign your own name saying it is all from yourself.

A wonderful surprise treat indeed; and all you have to do to get one of these lovely Gift Boxes is to send us your name and address, stating your age, together with 3 Bulls' Heads cut from 4-lb. Cartons of the new Cook's Shredded Beef Suet.

If you use the Coupon below, you need only send 2 Heads. The 3rd, as you see, is already printed on the Coupon. Mother will gladly promise to give you these 2 Heads, which you will see printed in colours on each side of the 4-lb. Cartons of the New



"Hurrah! Here comes my parcel from Cook's."

## COOK'S Shredded BEEF SUET

Tell Mother: Cook's Beef Suet is the finest Shredded Beef Suet she can buy and that it will make delightfully light Suet Puddings of all kinds. All Grocers sell Cook's Beef Suet, so remember to ask Mother to purchase a 4-lb. Carton at once—price only 8s.—and then set busy with your scissors. Cut along this dotted line:—

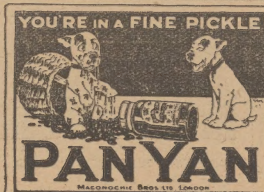
## Your Coupon for Cook's Free Gift

CUT OUT THIS COUPON NOW—along the dotted line, after the two coloured Bulls' Heads from the Carton, and post in a 3d stamped envelope (unsealed), together with your name, age, and address to: Donald Cook and Son, Ltd., 35/38, BERNON LANE STREET, LONDON, S.E.1. Then look out for the postman.



Paste the Bull's Head from one side of a 4-lb. Carton of Cook's Shredded Beef Suet in this space.

Paste the 2nd Bull's Head from the other side of the Carton of Cook's Shredded Beef Suet in this space.



There is no other flavour to compare with that of Panyan. It is easily the most popular pickle in the World.



# PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

## MY "WIRELESS" CHAT.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—  
I expect you will all be anxious to hear "how I felt" when I sent out a "wireless" message to my nephews and nieces from the Marconi office. (On another page of to-day's *Daily Mirror* you will find a detailed account of this interesting event.) Well, it was easily the most curious experience I have ever had—I simply could not realise that, as I spoke, in just my ordinary voice, my words would be clearly heard hundreds of miles away. But they were—as is proved by the numerous letters and postcards I have received from young "listeners-in"! The room from which I sent my message was at the top of a very high building. It was a long, low room, into which no sound could

penetrate from outside, and in the centre was a queer box-like apparatus, covered with big valves, switches and other mysteries. You stand beside these weird-looking valves and just talk—that is all.

When it was announced that Uncle Dick was going to speak I felt, as Squeak says, "all of a flutter," but I plucked up courage and stood beside the valves and started to talk. It was the queerest feeling. It was like being confidential and friendly to a mass of wires and switches. I longed for somebody to answer back; if only I could have heard faint far-off voices saying, "All right, Uncle Dick—we can hear you!" I should have felt much more comfortable. But of course there was no sound—only that of my own voice.

And now, by every post, come these letters. Heard! I should just think I was!

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

## DO ANIMALS HATE MUSIC?

Little Girl Who Took Brass Band to a Zoo.

LINDA is a little girl who lives many thousands of miles away in America, in a big town called Detroit. Really, she is not so very small, being just thirteen and rather tall for her age.

In Detroit there is a Zoo, very much like the one in London, but a good deal smaller. Linda's uncle used to take her to the Detroit Zoo quite often.

One day, as Linda was feeding the monkeys with peanuts she thought what fun it would be to give all the animals a party.

She said nothing to her parents nor her uncle, but a few days later she secretly opened her money box and with her savings she bought as many buns and peanuts as possible and she hired a brass band. It was quite a little band,

two cornets, a flute and a bassoon, but they could make a lot of noise—and they did.

Linda took them to the Zoo with her, and outside the cage of a large brown bear they started to play. Meanwhile Linda fed the bear with buns. But the bear did not appreciate the music at all; he sat back on his hind legs and howled dismally.

"I don't think he likes it very much," said Linda. "Perhaps we'd better go and see some of the other animals," so they went to see the buffaloes.

There were three buffaloes. When the band struck up "Dixie" the biggest of them got in front and prepared to charge the fence which separated him from the public.

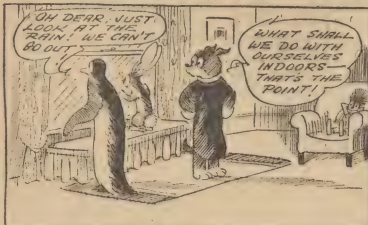
Suddenly a keeper, having seen what was happening, dashed down the path waving a wandkerchief.

And then all at once she spied her uncle coming towards her, with a rather stern look on his face. Linda didn't mind about the sternness, though; she was too thankful to see him.

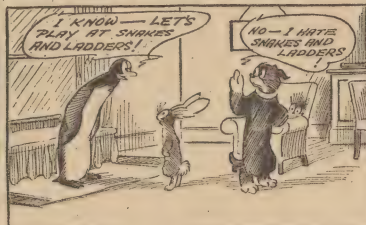
"Oh! dear," she sobbed as he took her hand to go home. "I meant it to be such a nice party, and it wasn't a bit."

"Never mind, Linda," consoled her uncle, "some day we'll give the animals another party." And then he added, with just the faintest twinkle in his eye, "but not with a brass band."

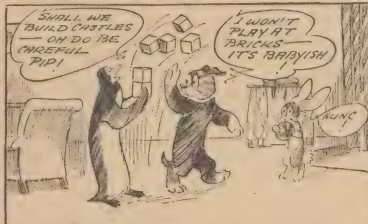
## "NOTHING TO DO": WILFRED FINDS THE CURE.



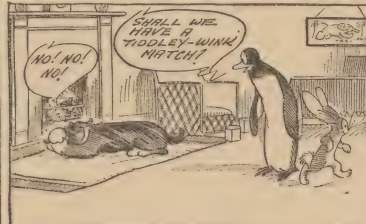
1. It was raining hard, and the pets could not go out of doors.



2. Poor Pip, who loves to be out, did not know what to do with himself.



3. He refused to play any game that kind-hearted Squeak could suggest.



4. "Nothing to do! Nothing to do!" he wailed, lying down on the carpet.



5. Then Wilfred had an idea—he fetched a broom and a feather-duster.



6. The pets were soon as happy as they could be—doing some honest work!

## EXQUISITENESS

THERE'S one bit of the world which has nothing in it that's bad or ugly, and that's the atmosphere all around your baby. And this perfection of baby is got with constant care. Washing, sponging, powdering, changing.

PAREX Baby Powder is absorbent, soothing and comforting. Immaculately made, it is placed in the hands of every mother to whom baby perfection is the ruling passion of life.

**Parex**  
BABY POWDER

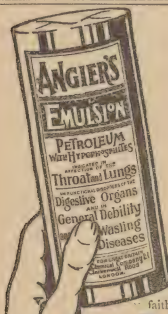
Sold only by Pharmacists. Price 1/-

S. MAW, SON & SONS LTD.  
Aldersgate St., LONDON  
and at Barnet

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR HAIR IN CURL.

Every woman knows the difficulty of keeping one's hair in curl, and no doubt the following information will be found very useful. Obtain from your chemist about two ounces of liquid silmerine and apply to the hair occasionally with a clean tooth brush. No waving irons are necessary, and the hair is greatly improved in colour and texture, instead of being burnt up, as it usually is by the use of hot curling-irons. Liquid silmerine is not at all sticky, in fact quite apart from its power of creating waves, it forms quite a delightful dressing for the hair.

(Advt.)



## Influenza and after effects.

Both Healing and Strengthening.

The soothing, healing properties of Angier's Emulsion, together with its tonic, invigorating influence upon all the bodily functions, make it invaluable both for warding off influenza, and for building up health and strength after an attack. Angier's Emulsion stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs, corrects digestive irregularities, tones up the nervous system, and gives renewed tone and vigour to the enfeebled system. No other Emulsion is so strongly recommended by the medical profession.

Mr. E. L. Merriman, 66, Marlborough Hill, Harrow, writes:—"Many years ago Angier's Emulsion was the means of curing my sister of a long standing bronchitis, and ever since we have constantly used it in my home, and have found that your advertisement claim for it. I have also discovered that it is an excellent preventative of influenza, and I think you should advertise it as a preventative as well as a tonic afterwards. I have such faith in it for influenza that I have recommended it to hundreds, and always with good results."

**ANGIER'S EMULSION**

OF Chemists, 3/- and 5/-

Prescribed by the Medical Profession for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Measles, Wasting, and for building up strength after illness.

## Cold Meat a Real Treat

**MILITARY PICKLE**

Will cause even the uninviting cold mutton to be eaten with enjoyment. You are sure to like the delicious mellow flavour—it appeals to everybody.

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.







# UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

## SYNOPSIS.

"YOU have too much money, too few friends, too much time on your hands, no interests in life."

Feeling this frank decision from a well-known specialist, Robin Marchant, a young, handsome and strong-willed, decides to break away from his old life. He plans to go on a holiday, during which he will live the life of a tramp, sleeping in barns and existing on a few pence daily.

Robin Marchant.

the rescue of his cousin, Walter Peters, a weak, easily-led character, who is in the clutches of a blackmail named Dulham.

Robin lends him the money and then starts on his holiday. One day, while resting by the roadside, he is observed by a beautiful girl. Taking him for a real tramp, she taunts him with his laziness and finally offers him work.

He accepts the offer and then finds that the girl, whose name is Elaine Farrell, lives at a fine old Elizabethan house. He sees her father, and after being engaged as chauffeur's assistant learns that a visitor, a Mr. Rawley, is expected.

To his amazement Rawley turns out to be none other than Dulham, the blackmailer! Luckily he had never seen Robin before, though the latter had seen him.

Rawley knows that the man whom everyone thinks is Elaine's father, Sir Geoffrey, is really an impostor named Collinor. He taunts Collinor with this, and threatens to expose him, but the price of such silence is to be quite unaware of this.

Meanwhile, Elaine finds Robin a nuisance with an elderly couple named Biggs, who live in a small cottage. Bessie, Elaine's maid, takes a liking to Smith. This annoys Purvis, the chauffeur, who loves Bessie.

Rawley and his sister Nina come to visit Sir Geoffrey and the girl appears surprised to see Sir Geoffrey. Smith sees Farrell visit a lonely cottage where he meets a girl and a tall, strange-looking man.

Various incidents occur to rouse Smith's suspicions of Farrell. At last he feels convinced that the man is an impostor, and that the real Sir Geoffrey is the "mystery man" in the lonely cottage.

Smith confides in Purvis, who promises to help him. The two men meet Bessie, who announces that Elaine has suddenly left the house.

Smith, with the aid of his solicitor, Reeve, manages to get the real Sir Geoffrey away from the cottage. It then occurs to him that Elaine may still be in the house with Collinor and Rawley, and he decides to make a raid.

## THE SECRET ENTRANCE.

A LITTLE heroine Bessie, as she stepped it out beside her two companions. She had never embarked on any dark and mysterious deed in all her uneventful life. Visions of capture, arrest, the police court, the dock and imprisonment rose before her, but she said not a word.

The silence between them was a little oppressive, and Smith, realising it and thinking it might affect Bessie's nerves, began to talk.

Finally he whispered in Purvis' ear for his benefit alone that a good spanner might prove to be a useful companion.

Men of the type of Collinor and Dulham would most probably go armed, if not with firearms at any rate with a knife. Collinor in particular was likely to have a knife, and from what he imagined of the man Smith thought it likely that he would not scruple to use it.

So at last they came to the gates, which were shut. The lodge was naturally in darkness at such an hour as this, but it had also the look of being deserted.

Smith opened the gates and propped them wide apart, with ideas of flight in his mind, resolving there should be no hindrance.

Then they went on cautiously to the garage. The gates were locked, but Purvis had forgotten to hand over his duplicate key, so there was no delay here.

But for a light burning in one window, which Bessie informed them in a whisper was the study, the whole house was in darkness. Purvis accepted the hint about the spanner and he found an electric torch without difficulty.

Here was Elaine's little white car, and Smith eyed it sentimentally.

"There's plenty of petrol in the tank," muttered Purvis, who had been making an examination.

"Good! Help me push it out."

They pushed the little car out into the yard, and now they were ready. Bessie's teeth would have chattered if she had not kept her mouth very firmly closed.

"This secret way in!" Smith questioned.

"It be round the garden."

They had to pass almost under the lighted window, and Bessie gave first stumbled against something that gave back a jingling sound, which was familiar to Smith. It was the loose bell on a curtain ring.

"The woman's got back with the news," he thought.

They stood motionless, waiting to discover if the sound had been heard, but evidently it had not. At last Bessie moved forward round the corner of the house.

"Here it be!" she whispered, and pointed to the thick growth of creeper on the house.

Smith flashed the light on the wall, and in a few moments discovered a rough, rusty iron rod standing out about eight or nine inches from the wall. A foot or so above it was another, higher still another, making a rough ladder up the face of the wall, evidently from the ground to one particular window.

"That," Bessie whispered, "be the window of Master Geoffrey's old room. 'Tis empty now

and never used, and window latch be broken these many years."

"But you have never climbed up that, Bessie?"

"Aye, I did. I wanted to find out if I could do it, and I did, Smith."

"Look here, there's no need for you to take risks," he said. "Tell me as well as you possibly can where the upper rooms are, and leave me to find them with Purvis."

"I tell 'ee I be coming. I hain't any good at telling," and she stuck out her chin obstinately.

"Right, then; I shall go first, and if the spikes will carry me they will certainly carry you."

It was no easy matter, groping in the darkness for the rods, and climbing inch by inch, while the virginia creeper and dusty ivy brushed his face, but at last he gained the window sill and pushed the window up with his right hand. Then he stepped over the sill into the house.

The others followed. Purvis, slow, cumbersome, none too agile, grunting and swearing

## "THE MYSTERY HUSBAND."

The secret of happy married love is the theme of the brilliant new "Daily Mirror" serial, by A. J. RUSSELL, which begins NEXT MONDAY. You will enjoy this well-constructed story from the first enthralling chapter to the last.

SECURE YOUR COPY EARLY.

under his breath, but successful in the end; that Bessie, coming up like a little cat, putting them both to shame for their slowness and clumsiness.

"There, I told 'ee I'd do it," she gasped.

"And you did it splendidly!"

Purvis in sheer relief kissed her.

The carpet from the little unused room out on to the landing. Every inch of the way Bessie knew. She swung away to the left, they following, and then came to another staircase.

Another floor had to be passed, and then they climbed higher.

"This be it," Bessie muttered. "These be the old rooms under the roof, and—"

She stopped suddenly.

Down below a door had opened. A light shone out into the hall, and there came the sound of voices.

"Oh, they be coming," the girl whispered, suddenly terrified.

"No; it's all right. Go on, Bessie, but go quietly."

They had gained the topmost floor. There were but three doors, and Smith tried the handle of each. All three were locked. In silence they listened, but could hear nothing but the voices of those below.

"The sooner the better," a voice said very distinctly; and Smith knew the voice, as did the other two.

"It's that brute! We've been fools to give him his head for so long. He wasn't here for nothing." It was Rawley speaking this time.

"The pair of you kept it from me, and now we're landed. It's a get-away this time, or—"

The man broke off with a string of oaths. They were climbing the stairs, one of them holding a lighted lamp.

Smith looked over the bannister rail. There were four coming in single file, two men and two women.

"Purvis," he whispered, "it looks as if you were going to get your wish after all, eh? They are coming up, and there's no chance to get away if we wanted to. We've got one advantage—we know they are coming, but they don't know we are here."

"I wish those two women weren't with them. We could take them at the rush, but the women might get hurt."

"Smith! Smith!" Bessie whispered. "She be in here—in this room. I heard her moving."

"Good, good! Thank heaven for that! Purvis, keep Bessie behind you."

## SMITH ENJOYS HIMSELF.

AND then suddenly came a voice from the room that Bessie had pointed out.

"There is someone there. Who is it? Answer me at once!"

There was a quiver, a shake in the voice that belied the authority.

"Alaine!" He whispered her name. "Alaine—it is I, Smith."

"You!" She had heard him. "You! Thank Heaven!"

And then Smith straightened up. He was ready for anything, for everything that might come his way.

But those below had heard, too. They hesitated, peering upwards.

"Who's there?" It was Collinor's voice, raised in suspicion and anger.

"I tell you it's the girl shouting for help," Rawley said. "Confound it, let's get her out and take her away!"

Smith swung Bessie behind him. "Keep there, against that door in the corner," he whispered, and then he had time for no more. Collinor had gained the top step. Behind the locked door Alaine crouched listening.

It was maddening being shut in here, knowing nothing of what was going on and of what was about to happen.

"You—you cur. It's you again, is it?" The girl was feeling frantic. She was helpless. Outside her father and the man she loved would come to blows, would fight, she beat on the door frantically, madly, caring nothing how she injured her hands.

But they took no notice of her. She heard confused sounds, the noise of blows, the crashing of a heavy body against her door; more

blows, a voice thick and hoarse with fury, cursing and blaspheming.

Then suddenly a revolver shot, followed instantly by a crash as of something heavy falling, followed instantly by a shrill scream. The scream was from Bessie.

Calm, unmoved, with a curious look of interest on her face Nina Rawley stood on the topmost stair with the lamp in her hand. She held it high above her head that the others and she herself might see.

It was her brother who had drawn a revolver and aimed it point-blank at Smith's head, but even as he fired Purvis flung the heavy spanner. It caught Rawley on the elbow. The revolver went off, the bullet making a hole in the plaster above and sending showers of white flakes down on them.

But the revolver had dropped from Rawley's nerveless fingers, and he could not get at it, for it was being kicked this way and that under the feet of Collinor and Smith.

They were fighting like tigers, the one with the brute strength that nature had given him,

the other with the power of his clean little young manhood.

Collinor was fumbling, searching for something, and Bessie flashed her electric torch on him, flashed it into his eyes. With her quick woman's wit she sought to baffle him.

"Look out, Smith, he be going to draw his knife on 'ee."

But Purvis had seen it, too, and had launched himself at Collinor. Memories of past insults, of the man's insufferable dominance came to him. He had often wanted with all his soul to punch that thick, cruel face. His chance had come. Purvis swept Smith out of the way, and with all his force he struck Collinor full in the face.

Collinor, still fumbling for his knife, reeled back and fell against the rail bannisters. There was a crash, a snapping of woodwork, and then a shrill scream of terror from Bessie as the man lurched over the edge, flung out his hands to grasp at the broken rail, missed it and went crashing down on to the stairs below.

Rawley had found his revolver. He stooped and picked it up with his left hand, because his right was numbed and useless, and now he

swung round, but Smith was too quick for him. Once before he had handled Rawley; now he handled him again without mercy. Rawley tried to fire, but left-handed he was awkward, and the bullet struck the wall, had him pinned against the wall, and Rawley was helpless, and knew it. He screamed for mercy, but he got none. Smith battered him savagely.

"I've been promising myself this, Dulham, you infernal blackmailer!" This much Mr. Gordon Rawley heard and no more, for the next moment he was a sagging heap against the wall, temporarily deprived of his senses.

Terrified, scared out of her senses, the woman from the cottage had fled, but Nina Rawley held her ground. She still held the lamp up in her hand, and she looked at Smith. Her face was white, her eyes furious, but she mustered up a smile.

"So—so it was a love affair then, after all, Robin Marchant?"

"If," he said curtly, "you take my advice you'll make yourself scarce. I'd hate to see you arrested."

"And leave my brother here?"

"Why not?" She laughed suddenly. "Why not?" she echoed. "You are right. There is no reason why I should stay."

She looked at Mr. Gordon Rawley, entirely unconscious in the corner by the wall. She set down the lamp.

"Thanks!" She turned with yet another glance at her brother, then went down the stairs and carefully stepped over a groaning heap that sprawled across the second flight.

Smith watched her till he could see her no more.

"Purvis, Bessie, go down. That fellow's pretty badly hurt. Go down and see if you can do anything for him."

They obeyed him, and then he turned to the door.

"Alaine!" he said.

"Smith!"

"Stand right away from the door! I'm going to try to break it in."

He waited a moment, then lifted his foot and brought his heel crashing down on the door.

"This'll 'bout finish old Biggs' boots," he thought.

Again, and yet again and then the panels split and cracked and gave under the assault.

The lock flew off, the door swung inwards and Smith sprang into the room.

"Alaine!" he said.

He could not see her in the darkness, yet he could feel her presence, then the outstretched hands touched her, and then he took her into his arms and she did not resist.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

## Should Women Tell?

YES! Secrets that they whisper to no one else they can write to REX ROYLE, the modern Knight-Errant who acts as confidant and adviser to the readers of "Romance."

REX ROYLE, the man who knows the secrets of a thousand hearts, has an intimate message for YOU in No. 2 of "Romance." Read it. Other wonderful features include:—

12 Entrancing Love Stories, 5 Fascinating Feminine Articles—in all, 128 Pages for 7d!

There is a tremendous rush for No. 2. To avoid disappointment be sure and get your copy TO-DAY!

## MORE SILK STOCKINGS

"Romance" is again repeating its wonderful offer of Silk Stockings to its readers.

For full particulars see No. 2, just out!



Rez Royle.



# Romance

A SHILLING MAGAZINE FOR SEVENPENCE

Proprietors: Odhams Press, Ltd.







## FAMOUS DANCER IN DIVORCE CASE.

Rich Husband's Story of Wife's Drink Habit. BOTH IN NURSING HOME.

A famous dancer, Mr. Maurice Mouvet, was cited as co-respondent in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mrs. Elizabeth Fae Furness, of Park-lane, asked for a restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, Mr. Rom Gunnar Stephenson Furness, of Mayfair, W.

His wife's drinking and drug habits, said the husband, had caused him to leave her.

Mr. Furness, in his cross-petition, sought the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with Maurice Mouvet. Misconduct was denied by the wife.

"Sir Ernest Pollock, K.C., for the husband, said Mr. Furness married his wife, an American, in July, 1919, in New York. Afterwards they stayed in London at various addresses.

In February, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Furness entered a nursing home—he to recover from the results of his wife's violent conduct towards him, which had resulted in one or two catatonic states, and had produced a nervous condition of health. Mrs. Furness entered the nursing home for the purpose of an attempted cure of drunkenness and drug taking.

After Mr. Furness left the nursing home, he learnt that his wife had abandoned her intention of staying there till she was cured, and he wrote to her saying that it was impossible for him to live with her.

Mr. Furness asked counsel, before the marriage, knew there was a friendship between his wife and Mr. Maurice Mouvet, who gave exhibitions of dancing at hotels. Mr. Mouvet was constantly visited by Mrs. Furness.

One afternoon Mr. Mouvet's valet from the bathroom looked into the bedroom and saw co-respondent and a woman only partly dressed.

### WILD SCENES STAGE.

The wife's drinking and drug-taking, it was alleged, caused a dreadful scene at the Park-lane flat, when Mrs. Furness, having lost complete control of herself, attacked her husband with a long nail file and a safety razor with which she scratched him and cut his face.

Mr. Noel Middleton (to Mr. Furness): What was she taking?—Gin, I think.

Counsel: Did you know of your wife's visits to Mr. Mouvet at a nursing home?—No.

Subsequently did you find in the bathroom some papers which appeared to have contained drugs?—Yes.

The husband stated that one night his wife struck him before friends, cutting his face and forehead. He had a black eye next day.

Charles Newham, valet to Mr. Mouvet, said Mrs. Furness used to call on his master at the Piccadilly Hotel. He had several times found hairpins in Mr. Mouvet's bed in the afternoon.

He added that Mr. Mouvet used to call Mrs. Furness "Fae dear," and she addressed him as "Maurice darling."

The hearing was adjourned.

## YOUR BIRTHDAY DATE.

"Daily Mirror" Chart That Gives Day of Week You Were Born.

Should the anniversary of your birthday be to-day, and you have forgotten the day of the week upon which you were born, consult the chart printed below.

5	16	22	28	34	39	45	50	56	62	67	73	84	Sat.
6	11	17	23	29	40	46	51	57	63	69	74	79	Fri.
7	13	25	36	42	47	53	61	70	76	81			Wed.
8	14	19	26	31	37	44	54	59	65	76	82		Mon.
9	20	32	38	43	49	56	63	69	71	77			Sun.
10	15	21	27	33	44	51	62	72	82				Thurs.
12	18	24	30	35	41	52	58	63	69	80			

First find your age to-day in one of the lines in the chart. On the same line will be found the actual day of your birth. The chart is copyright.

### MISSING GIRL IN THAMES.

The body of Miss Gladys Meves, aged twenty-one, has been recovered from the Thames near Chertsey. She disappeared from her home at Romford-road, Manor Park, London, on February 8.

### TO FLY 10,000 MILES IN 40 DAYS.

A 10,000 miles flight to India through twenty countries in forty days is shortly to be attempted by Mr. Alan J. Cobham, chief pilot of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, in order to demonstrate the practicability of aerial touring.

See the STREATHUR BUNGALOW at the Royal Bazaar Exhibition at Olympia

STAND BUNGALOW 12 TOWN STREATHUR ESTATES LTD 20 The Parade GOLDERS GREEN

## RADIO EVERYWHERE.

All Kinds of Shops Stock Sets and Accessories.

GOOD FOR HOME TRADE.

(Continued from page 2, column 1)

This is the "listening-in" age. The boom in wireless telephony grows day by day. Everybody seems to have caught the infection; and the demand for broadcasting receiving sets in London is increasing at a remarkable pace.

A stroll through the great shopping centres just now gives one a good idea of the extent to which the wireless habit has captured popular imagination.

Not only are crowds found gazing into the windows of the shops which are springing up everywhere dealing exclusively in wireless sets and apparatus, but enterprising shopkeepers in almost every branch of trade seem to be dabbling in the new craze.

It is a case of wireless, wireless everywhere. Ironmongers and opticians, piano merchants and gramophone dealers, toy sellers and even hardware stores are stocking wireless apparatus.

### BRITISH GOODS SUPREME.

The Daily Mirror yesterday discovered a confectioner who is sandwiching the sale of bread and buns with receiving outfits. In another street, not far from the Strand, every fifth or sixth shop seemed to be taking up wireless.

A glance at most of the goods exposed for sale in connection with wireless telephony revealed one interesting fact. That is that a large percentage of the articles are of British manufacture.

It is obvious, therefore, that the remarkable broadcasting boom cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on home trade; in fact, it is almost like setting up a new industry.

That those in the trade mean to take full advantage of the present popularity of "listening-in" and to develop it as much as possible is evidenced by the fact that some firms are already offering sets for sale on the instalment system.

In this way it is hoped to create a clientele among those who would otherwise not be able to afford to enjoy the inestimable pleasure of sitting at home and "listening-in."

## PETS' RADIO "HELLO."

Success of Messages by Wireless to Young "Listeners-In."

A little tea-time chat, sent out by "wireless" from the Marconi office by Uncle Dick, of The Daily Mirror, to his numerous nephews and nieces, has had remarkable results.

Children living in Derbyshire, Suffolk, Devonshire and various towns round the coast have written to say that they heard every word of the "speech" perfectly, and their only disappointment was that they didn't hear Pip's bark and Wilfred's "Nunc, nunc."

In his talk to the children Uncle Dick quoted a message from the pets to their unseen friends. Pip, for instance, told them that if they had any rats or mice in their houses, he would gladly come and catch them free of charge. Squeak sent a characteristic "Squeakian" message.

"Dear duckies," she said, "I hope you have all had a nice tea. We have had a beautiful tea—muffins, plum cake and shrimps. Do you like shrimps? I like them much better than winkles, which are so hard to get out of their shells."

### WILFRED SAYS "PAH!"

Wilfred, of course, did not send a message, but when Uncle Dick asked him what he thought of the weather, he replied "Pah!" in a tone of great contempt.

"I enjoyed your talk very much," wrote Arthur Francis, of Frinton-on-Sea. "I think Wilfred was quite right about the weather."

Joan Broome, of Lyddenden Farm, Margate, wrote:—"We heard your little chat very clearly. It is sometimes lonely here, but now we feel more in touch with the world."

Joan Orton, of Warwick, says: "We loved the messages from the pets. Please speak to us again soon."

Other children who clearly heard every word of Uncle Dick's "wireless" message include:—Marjorie Adams, Coventry; Philip Shrimpton, Worcester; Mollie Bullard, Norwich; Irma Kidd, Wingham, Cambs; J. Parsons, Leicester; L. Jones, Stroud, Gloucester; Z. Terry, Leamington Spa; E. Radburpe, Rushden, Northamptonshire; Iris Dann, Rochester; Daisy Spall, Framlington, Suffolk and many in the London area.

### EMPIRE SHOW CHANGES.

In accordance with Sir William Joynton-Hicks' recent recommendations, Sir James Stevenson and Sir Travers Clarke have been appointed vice-chairman and deputy-chairman respectively of the British Empire Exhibition council.

### THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets showed a good tone again to-day in practically all sections. Gold-edged stocks were slightly easier.

Home Rails continued good. Southern Railway's 374, Bruns 1102. Undergrounds were firm on the meeting; incomes 982, Bus "A" 82.

In Industrials Textiles were generally easier on profit-taking, with Coats 65s. 3d. and Courtauld's 64s. 9d. ex-coupon. Maybells were favoured 7s. 6d.

In Mines Kaifra were all harder. Rand Mines 2.15-16 ex div. V. Springs 16s. 6d. De Beers were good, 152 after 14. In Rubbers the tone was firmer.

The Trinidad Sugar Estates issue was readily over-subscribed.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!



## The Spirit of Youth

They are just as young as each other in spirit.

Mother is always so fit and well that she can at any time take part in sonny's games and enjoy them as much as he does. The spirit of healthy youth that they both possess is a bond between them, helping mother and son to understand each other's difficulties and share each other's joys.

That is just one of the ways in which health brings happiness. Those who revel in sturdy good health find life better and jollier in a thousand ways. Every interest or occupation can be tackled with a keener zest, an added enjoyment. Yet thousands go on in the old sluggish, half-hearted way, simply because they don't know the secret of good health.

The most troublesome ills are those that so many people are worried with nearly every day—headaches, depression, constipation, the hundred and one things that are fatal to the full enjoyment of life. The cause of all this is to be found in the sluggish working of the liver

and kidneys, which has allowed impurities to creep into the blood and clog the system.

Six salts are needed to remove these impurities. Kruschen contains all six, in just the right proportion. The tiny tasteless dose of a "sixpenceful" speeds up the internal organs, gently but efficiently, cleanses the body of waste matter, sends clear, healthy blood streaming to every part of the system. Depression and headaches vanish, to be replaced by a glorious feeling of happiness and energetic youth. That is the famous "Kruschen feeling."

And don't forget the youngsters. The tiny half-dose that Kruschen Kiddies are given, stirred well into their breakfast porridge, makes them good-tempered and sturdy, freed from most of the troubles of childhood. They don't know they are taking it, because when given this way it is quite tasteless.

Get a bottle in your home, and start the Habit of Health at once among the whole family.

## Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a farthing a day

(Children Half Price)



Tasteless in Tea

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

## Cuticura Soap

Is Ideal for the Complexion

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

## KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE

of Linseed, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c.

In each dose are concentrated the most valuable remedies known to medical and botanical science for Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness etc. Over fifty years' proven efficacy. All chemists, large size 2s., smaller 1s. Trade "Linseed Compound" Mark

for COUGHS & COLDS

## BOURNVILLE COCOA

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

AT ALL CHEMISTS

## SARAH BERNHARDT

This Great French Actress who, although over 70, still looks most amazingly youthful in her girlish roles says, "I have no beauty secret to divulge other than the daily use of Crème Tokalon. I attribute the fresh and youthful appearance of my face to the use of this preparation."

## CRÈME TOKALON

IN POTS 1/6 AND 2/6 OR TUBES 1/3





Nothing To Do: See the Pets on Page 11.

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will—



—brighten up the dullest day.

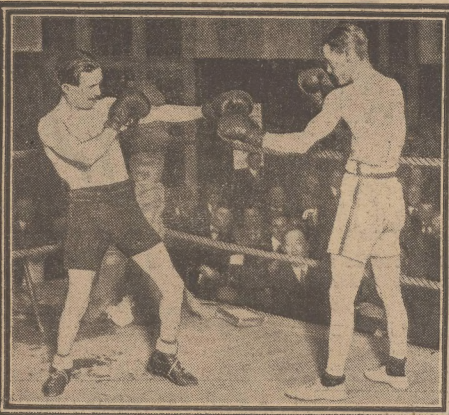
## FINALS OF JOCKEYS' AND STABLE LADS' BOXING COMPETITIONS AT MARLBOROUGH



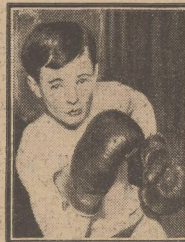
Left to right, Jimmy Wilde, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. A. H. Gull (timekeeper), J. W. H. T. Douglas (at prize table) and Dr. W. B. Maurice (M.C.). A good crowd watched the bouts.



Jimmy Wilde (right) sparring with his brother, E. J. Wilde, of Foxhill, whose opponent in the final of the 8st. contest failed to put in an appearance.



Bob Smith (left) defeated E. Watson (right) in the 7st. 7lb. final.



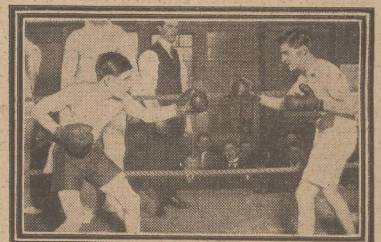
F. Johns, of Newmarket, winner of the Bucknall Memorial Cup and 5st. 7lb. cup.



J. Koss (left) boxing a bye with Tim Moss, who is well known in Marlborough boxing circles.



F. Johns receiving his two trophies from Jimmy Wilde, the fly-weight champion of the world.



S. Crone (left), the winner, and W. Wells, in the final of the 7st. contest.



S. Looker, acting as second to J. Jacks, a 4st. finalist.

Keeness and sportsmanship marked the finals of the jockeys and stable lads' boxing competitions held in the Town Hall, Marlborough. Jimmy Wilde was present and took part in the proceedings not only by distributing prizes, but also by appearing with his brother in a sparring bout.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)